

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
 Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars in swathing clothes,
 This infant warriour, in his enterprises,
 Discomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? *Percy, Northumberland,*
The Archbishops Grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
 But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
 Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my neer'st and dearest enemy?
 That thou art like enough through vassall feare,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
 To fight against me vnder *Percy's* pay,
 To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
 And God forgine them, that so much haue swayde
 Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
 I will redeeme all this on *Percy's* head;
 And in the closing of some glorious day
 Be bould to tell you that I am your sonne,
 When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
 And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,
 Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, when ere it light
 That this same child of honour and renowne,
 This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayd knight,
 And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,
 For euery honor sitting on his helme,
 Would they were multitudes, and one my head
 My shame redoubled. For the time will come
 That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
 His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
 To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And I will call him to so strict acco
 That he shall render euery glory
 Yea, euen the slightest worship o
 Or I will teare the reckoning fro
 This in the name of God I prom
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall
 I do beseech your Maiestie may sa
 The long growne woundes of my
 If not, the end of life cancels all b
 And I will die an hundred thousa
 Ere breake the smallest parcell of

King. A hundred thousand reb
 Thou shalt haue charge, and sou
 How now good *Blunt*? thy looke

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buisines that
 Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath
 That *Douglas* and the *English* reb
 The eleventh of this moneth, at S
 A mighty and a fearefull head the
 (If promises be kept on euery han
 As euer offered foule play in a stat

King. The Earle of *Westmerland*
 With him my soone Lord *John* of
 For this aduertisement is five day
 On wednesday next *Harry* thou sh
 On Thursday, we our selues will n
 Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you shall
 Throug *Glocester-shire*, by which a
 Our buisines valued some twelue d
 Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth*
 Our hands are full of buisines, let
 Aduantage feedes him fat, while m

Enter Falstaffe and

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not fallen aw
 doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle
 me like an old Ladies loose gowne.
 apple *John*. Well, he repent and